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# P O E M S.

BY

GEORGE H. CALVERT.



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## P O E M S .



### HOPE PROPHECIES TO MAN.

SEE Hope her glittering pinions plume,  
Joy gushing from her eyes ;  
As though she knew not of man's gloom,  
Nor ever heard his cries.  
Not fresher looks the dewy dawn,  
Awakening perfumed May,  
And calm, as though could ne'er be drawn  
Storm's curtain o'er his day.

Hope has her throne upon the light,  
That breaks from out the east ;  
Behind her lowers still the night,  
Before her night has ceased.  
Thus riding on the ushering rays,  
That greet the expectant earth,  
She shares the glory that displays  
Each morn at its great birth.

With light she comes, and light she brings ;  
Without her what were Morn ?  
Dull are the beams Day 'fore him flings,  
To those with her are born.  
The Sun his heavenly task might close,  
And Earth in darkness grope ;  
For life would sink in torture's throes,  
Were man bereft of Hope.



And she has voices deeper still  
Than for the single ear, —  
Voices that tell, with heavenly will,  
Humanity's career.

Who 's blest to hear them, sees arise  
Such splendors in the van,  
That, rapt in ecstasy, he cries,

HOPE PROPHECIES TO MAN.

## ASPIRATION.

---

WERE we what we might be,  
We 'd not look back with sadness ;  
But the Past as brightly  
Would shine as present gladness.

WERE we what we could be,  
We 'd not look forward fearing ;  
But the Future would be  
As sunlight warm and cheering.

## THE MARTYR'S MOTHER.

A PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN FRANCE,  
AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

“FIRST strip his shoulders bare,  
Then through the streets of Meaux  
Scourge the cursed wretch, who 'd dare  
More than his priest to know.

The scourging done, let the hot brand  
Hiss on his brow from hangman's hand.”

Called priests of Christ were they,  
The judges who thus spake ;  
So darkened was the day,  
That with Lord Jesus brake.  
For Jesus said, " Love one another " ;  
These loved themselves, and cursed their brother

His hands behind him bound,  
His back the martyr bent ;  
His life-drops on the ground,  
They marked the path he went.  
Calmly as earth the wild storm's flashes,  
Receives his soul the priest-bid lashes.

Like bloodhounds on a trail,  
The yelling multitude,  
With bitter, mocking hail,  
His glorious track pursued.  
The blinded crowd so seldom knows  
Its benefactors from its foes.

But silent was the tear,  
From bleeding hearts upsent,  
For the brave teacher dear,  
Their bondage who had rent.  
And some, who yet had not the truth,  
Deep groaned with fructifying ruth.

That soul-steeped look, — whence broke it ?  
To his strong heart a balm ;  
That valiant word, — who spoke it ?  
It made his courage calm.  
So look, so speak, could only one ;  
A mother worthy of the son.

Ceases the blood-wet rod ;  
The iron 's in the fire ;  
I' the name of mercy's God,  
Rome's priests will slake their ire.  
The headsman's arm is up, — and now  
The iron 's on the martyr's brow.

Like one fierce lightning streak  
On the black calm of night,  
On that hushed crowd a shriek  
Fell with appalling might.  
“Glory to Jesus Christ,” it cried,  
“And all his witnesses !” and died.

The throng and soldiers melt,  
Subdued, o'erwhelmed with awe ;  
The priests, e'en they too felt  
She was above their law.  
A heart-voice tunes all to its mood,  
So deep 's our bond of brotherhood.

Thus could a mother sing  
For Christ and Truth that day ;  
She, too, had quelled pain's sting.  
The awed crowd give her way  
To her humble hearth, the noble one :  
In triumph followed her her son.

**THE LOVED DEPARTED.**

---

SOLEMN as their voices dying,  
Silent as the graves they lie in,  
Tender as a mother's yearnings,  
Secret as a wife's heart-burnings,  
Sweet as tears of the kind-hearted,  
Are thoughts of the loved departed.

Now their aspects greet us cheerful,  
Now with something sad or tearful ;  
Still and mystic come their faces,  
Hallowed by unearthly graces.  
Welcome aye, whence ever darted,  
Visions of the dear departed.

When least looked for come before us  
These pure visions, to restore us, —  
When a sordid passion 's scheming,  
When with anger eyes are gleaming.  
Blessed be whatever started  
Memories of the loved departed.



## DIDACTIC.

---

Health's temple is the body fair,  
High miracle of art,  
A perfect God-built palace, where  
Strength, Beauty, each, full part  
From Life may drink, that floweth there,  
The fountain of the heart.  
Keep pure and sweet, is Heaven's command,  
This temple, thus divinely planned.

Within this temple is a light,  
    And deep a holy well,  
Kindled and nourished from the height  
    Whence all beginnings swell.  
Virtues and powers have they, so bright  
    Their splendors none can tell.  
If free the intellect and soul,  
Man is a generous, joyous whole.

Let in its might the mind awake,  
    It speaks the eternal law ;  
Like sun-struck mists, Time's trammels break,  
    Pale falsehoods faint with awe ;  
While round them, Love, Truth, Beauty, shake  
    The light from God they draw,  
That lights to boundless liberty.  
To earn this freedom, what do we ?

We blast our bodies with the ills  
Of vice and ignorance born ;  
Our minds we dwarf, we lame our wills,  
Till e'en ourselves we scorn ;  
Each one his breast with self o'erfills,  
Making each one forlorn ;  
And then, when woes thick on us burst,  
We moan, — “ By fate and Heaven we 're curst.”

High intellect is lowly used  
To glut unrighteous needs,  
Its keenest edges roughly bruised  
Upon hard, selfish deeds ;  
The soul's warm wants are cold refused,  
Stinted with meagre creeds ;  
And then, by endless strifes outworn,  
We wail, — “ Poor man was made to mourn.”

Disorder, by brute force strong bound,  
Order and law we call,  
And 'bout the reeking earthy mound  
Religion 's made a wall ;  
Thin theologic paps are ground,  
To sweeten man-mixed gall ;  
And heavenly earth thus made a hell,  
We 'd save us by the old church-bell !

WHY ARE POETS SAD ?  

---

Saw'st thou e'er the clean proportions,  
Schemed in fulness of thy soul,  
Marred to look more like distortions  
Than the beauty of a whole ?  
Heard'st thou e'er poetic passion,  
Music-wrought to thrill the heart,  
Tamed by some insipid fashion,  
Or by players with false art ?  
Hast thou ever, with the feeling  
That the ill might have been stayed,

Watched a loved one, while was stealing  
Death upon her like a shade ?  
Who thwartings such as these has had,  
May know why poets oft are sad.

Poets' lives are daily thwartings ;  
In their souls they bear such needs,  
That to them are ceaseless smartings,  
What the world calls highest meeds.  
Music sings in their heart-stirrings,  
That can find no earthly voice ;  
Life's best actual forms are blurrings,  
To the beauty of their choice.  
Man's great sorrows, with heart-feeling,  
Daily they in secret moan ;  
From their eyes are often stealing  
For man's woes warm tears unknown.  
No poet 's he who can be glad,  
With so much round to make him sad.

BURNS.  

---

QUIVERING with strength, from earth he springs ;  
Defiant shouts his strange voice rings.  
Gazing afar, like some lone tower,  
His nostrils panting restless power,  
His big eyes darting eager fire,  
With rustic hand he strikes his lyre.

From the long sleep, so dreamless slept,  
Scotland, like a roused laggard, leapt.  
Rolls the clear tide of a new song  
Through her heart's channels, void so long,  
High swelling now, with lively beat,  
To sounds so earnest, stirring, sweet.

With quickened pulse each bosom hears,  
In tones that shift from mirth to tears,  
And where, too, clarion notes are pealed,  
Its inmost feeling bright revealed.  
A nation's face, thus freshly wrought,  
Beams with a smile of joyful thought.

Few years had passed since first was heard  
That fiery heart's awakening word ;  
Its mighty throb, that warm life sent  
To million hearts, and with them blent  
In rapturous unison, is still ;  
Tranquil so soon in Death's pale chill.



Wasted ; by soul-sprung griefs outworn ;  
By proud heart-struggles inly torn ;  
Disconsolate, despairing, crushed ;  
Before his time in misery hushed ;  
Great Burns went early 'mongst the dead,  
His eye still gleaming thoughts unsaid.

Could he have had but half his due,  
Had half was felt and done been true,  
His generous soul had then been soothed,  
And timelier his last pillow smoothed.  
Traduced, banned, poor, he died heart-broken, —  
The noblest Scot that e'er has spoken.

He whose large will, if matched with power,  
Had rained all gifts in ceaseless shower,  
Who did give gifts but by those given  
Endowed to bless the earth from Heaven, —  
Thoughts to enrich all time to come, —  
Earned his poor bread by gauging rum.

A noble man, divinely strung  
For all the virtues he has sung,  
Finds wrenched by lies into divorce  
From good, man's pith, his feelings force ;  
Is driven to the tavern's stench,  
His brotherly yearnings there to quench.

Instead of honor, condescension ;  
Instead of peace, hot, coarse contention ;  
'Stead of high work fit for great souls,  
He had the low, slow toil of moles ;  
A victim of the falsehoods strong,  
That make of men a scrambling throng.

Passions in him were lashed to madness,  
That might have been a well of gladness ;  
Sources of joy turned into sadness,  
His very goodness into badness :  
A strong man bound in the world's lies  
And multiform hypocrisies.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING ASKED FOR A FEW LINES TO ACCOMPANY A CANARY  
BIRD, SENT AS FROM A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

'T is only song can utter love,  
Its agonies and blisses ;  
For song, too, springeth from above,  
Far, far from sin's abysses.

Alas for me ! I cannot sing,  
And yet love will be spoken :  
O, for the poet's golden string !  
My heart will else be broken.

I 'll send my bird to speak my part,  
O, hearken to his singing !  
And when 't would seem he 'd burst his heart,  
Think that with mine 't is ringing.

O, DREAM NO MORE !

---

O, dream no more of heavens to be !

Heaven is, within, around you ;

Wake from a selfish lethargy,

Where misty visions bound you.

Cease resting on a joy, to start

When first the grave shall press you ;

The throbbing, living, longing heart

Is full of joys to bless you.

O, dream no more of hells to be !

Hell 's here, around, within you :

What are the groans of imagery,

To those from earth that din you ?

Awake, and live ; 't is dawn at last :

Hark, how your brothers call you.

Awake, and love ; let go the past,

Shake off the hates that thrall you.

O, dream no more ! rouse up and be :

Make Love and Beauty bound you ;

And so at last humanity

Shall grow a heaven around you.

TO LITTLE MARY GRIFFIN,

GRANDDAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

SOLE scion of a noble breed !

Thy sparkling, laughing eyes  
In dearest bosoms throw the seed  
Of saddest memories.

Then quick thy wiles,  
And roguish smiles,  
Banish all miseries.

Joy-darting life and nimble grace  
Thy blooming limbs enfold ;  
More thoughts are struggling through thy face,  
Than thy young eyes can hold.  
May body's health,  
And spirit's wealth,  
Be aye, as now, foretold.

Thy merry voice makes glad the air,  
While through thy tongue Hope sings ;  
And from thy playful tresses fair  
Joy leaps in sunny rings.  
Beautiful child !  
On thee be piled  
All gifts that goodness brings !

Throughout thy grandsire's country wide,  
Welcomed thou aye wilt be,



All hearts, for that brave death he died,  
 Thankful his child to see.

May thy grandsire's

Soul-lifting fires

Shine womanly in thee !

## INVOCATION.

---

O THOU, who smilest in the Spring's glad bloom !  
Whose love is dimly seen in good men's deeds !  
Source of all life ! Mysterious, awful Presence !  
Power beneficent ! Pour of thy grace  
Upon my spirit, that would purely mount.  
O, multiply in me the blessed moods,  
When Beauty swathes me in her fiery wings,  
And from all selfish thoughts upwafts me swift,  
Through realms of growing light, towards the high  
centre,  
Where, in eternal fulgence mild, Truth dwells.

## FREILIGRATH.

---

WHERE the old Rhine most proudly shows  
His beauties and his grandeurs mild,  
As by St. Goar's walls he flows,  
And 'neath broad Rheinfels' wreck upiled,—  
'T was there the poet simply dwelt,  
And simply sang of what he felt.

I knew him there, and that sweet spot  
Lay after in my memory's folds  
More fragrantly, that 't was my lot  
To meet there what one glad beholds, —  
A gentle, modest man, God-gifted,  
In world's wares low, by worth uplifted.

A frugal pension from his king,  
Enough his bounded wants to sate,  
Left him all free to roam and sing,  
Thus duly honored by the state.  
Thought-breeding spirits, in that land,  
Are nourished from the public hand.

His image lived within my mind,  
As drew him there his verse and mien ;  
A man, kind, gentle, and refined,  
A poet, whom 't were hard to wean  
From quiet thought, and the calm moods  
Mild natures love in fields and woods.

A few years passed ;— I was at home.

One day, as o'er some British leaves  
My eye all listlessly did roam,

Suddenly to the page it cleaves,  
Fixed by the poet's name, and reads  
The story of his Muse and deeds.

At first the picture was the same

That I had laid within my breast ;  
But soon, strange, startling words there came  
Of flight, imprisonment, arrest.

By dread and wonder overpowered,  
The tale I tremblingly devoured.

With beautiful dilation swelled

That stored-up image, as I learned  
How he his wrath for years had quelled,  
Had hushed the love wherewith he yearned ;  
Hoping, with loyal, Christian trust,  
That Prussia's king would yet be just.

That tranquil mien, that abstinence  
From smiting words, from song-winged blows,  
Was a pure soul's compelled defence.

Beneath, a patriot spirit glows,  
That for one's country all would dare ;  
The stronger, that it could forbear.

But when at last, by patient trial,  
That vulgar king's low mind he knew,  
That of sweet freedom the denial  
The king from slavish instincts drew,  
In stormy verse his ire he sped,  
And from his home and pension fled.

In England now his bread he earns,  
By daily, common, mindless toil ;  
And sad, and silent, tearful turns  
His eyes towards his far German soil ;  
Yet thankful, too, that he is saved  
From those hard tyrants whom he braved.

And faded now 's that image meek,  
Dimmed by the splendors stern, that shine  
Around the martyr's pallid cheek.

The gentle poet of the Rhine  
His deeds a hero-bard avow ;  
Whom then I loved, I reverence now.

Woe to the country such must fly !  
Its core is foul with cankering blight ;  
Its throne 's a gilded, brazen lie.

The poets are a people's light ;  
As were a sunless firmament,  
Is the cursed land whence they are sent.

THE LOST FOUND.

---

BEWAIL not time that thou hast lost,  
Or days gone by and wasted ;  
'T is losing time to be thus tost  
By memories bitter-tasted.

But work the grateful Present so,  
That some of what thou 'st planted  
To bounteous strength and fruitage grow  
And thanks, by brothers chanted.



'T is thus thou 'lt find those lost, sad days,  
Bereft too of their sorrows ;  
Our past bad debts there 's naught that pays,  
But gold of rich to-morrows.

## GIVE! \* GIVE!

---

THE sun gives ever ; so the earth,  
What it can give, so much 't is worth.  
The ocean gives in many ways, —  
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.  
So, too, the air, it gives us breath ;  
When it stops giving, comes in death.  
Give, give, be always giving ;  
Who gives not is not living.  
The more you give,  
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped ;  
Only by giving is it reaped.

The body withers, and the mind,  
If pent in by a selfish rind.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,  
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.

Give, give, be always giving ;

Who gives not is not living.

The more we give,

The more we live.

## AGNES.

---

As birthday I will celebrate  
The day when first I met her ;  
From that 't is I my true life date,  
So much to it I 'm debtor.  
My heart I felt not till that day,  
My head, too, I belied it ;  
For what 's a head, in best array,  
Without a heart to guide it.

O, take my life, but not my love ;  
    What were my life without her ?  
No star with its linked sun can move  
    More true than I about her.  
Darkling I 'd err, were she away ;  
    I 'm lost, were I to lose her ;  
She is my light, she is my stay,  
    'Mongst millions I would choose her.

I WILL BE FREE.

---

Down ! superserviceable knave,  
 That basely yieldest all we crave,  
     False sprite, Self-flattery !  
 Protean imp ! though thou canst throw thee  
 Into all guises, now I know thee :  
     Down ! down ! I will be free.

And ye, who bring, so open, bold,  
Your gifts of power, applause, and gold,  
    To bribe my liberty ;  
Millions you 've chained in hellish fires ;  
Bold as ye be, ye all are liars :  
    Avaunt ! I will be free.

Ye too, with wiles, and sweets, and charms  
Full well I know ye and your harms,  
    Ye spawn of luxury !  
Ye carnal crew ! who calls you pleasures  
Is false, or knows not your false measures :  
    Begone ! I will be free.

Hence all your honors, gawds, and pelf !  
I 'll none of them ; I 'll be myself,  
    And strive for liberty.  
My soul ! be thou at last uprisen ;  
Life shall no longer be a prison,  
    With death its only key.

Spirits of beauty, love, and truth,  
Potent to give perpetual youth,  
Come ye and bide with me.  
In your celestial influence fold me,  
And with your chastening strength uphold me :  
God ! help me to be free.



## THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.

---

So weak our joys, so poor our lives,  
That towards thy affluence of soul  
Human conception vainly strives,  
Seizing but fragments of the whole.

And we are glad ; we smile, we laugh ;  
But thou didst weep, didst never smile ;  
And so we deem, that thou didst quaff  
Of naught but sorrows, deep or vile.

In that last awful ghastly scene,  
Where Sin and Death danced in mad glee,  
Our weakness makes thy sufferings keen ;  
We groan in fleshly sympathy.

O, what to thee were torture's fangs ?  
What death, to thy ecstatic mind ?  
A tranquil dream were death's worst pangs ;  
Thy pain was pity for mankind.

Earth's mists to earthly eyes bedim  
The sun, that calmly glows above ;  
Through mists we see the cross, and Him,  
Calm with a strong pain-quenching love.

Will vanish then our sensual fears,  
When we shall rise towards his pure living ;  
Sweeter than our best joys were tears  
Of him, whose life was one long giving.

## THE BERNESE ALPS AT SUNSET.

---

YE mighty offspring of the strong young Time !  
Gigantic brood of earth's primeval travail !  
Before your silent, beaming majesty,  
With strange delight, with solemn joy, I gaze,  
The mind upmounting with your loftiness.  
Sublimity makes such familiar haunt  
Among your grandeurs manifold, that Beauty  
Shrinks modest down, to nestle at your feet.  
Ye are alone ; changeless, where all things change ;  
Motionless 'midst the unceasing flow of life.

Scarce do ye bear an earthly stamp, but high  
Ye lift your speechless, spotless heads, snow-  
blazoned,  
'Bove nether influence ; cleaving earthborn clouds,  
That round your cold sides cling, like living arms  
Around a corpse, insensate to their touch.  
A mystery ye are ; and from the plane  
And common of this world sudden ye rear  
Your giant forms, 'midst time's recurring spans,  
Fit emblems of eternity. Since first  
From Zurich's humble hills your image loomed,  
A heaven-suspended vision, on my sight,  
Day upon day I 've journeyed towards ye, won-  
dering ;  
Till now I stand, awed, baffled, at your base.  
Darkness fast fills the earth, but your white peaks  
Glow in the sunshine. Telegraphs 'twixt worlds !  
Your sky-ward fronts brighten the sun's last ray,  
To me a herald from my far-off home.

## A GORGEOUS SUNSET.

---

As wonderful and fresh to-day  
Is this magnificent array  
Of purpled light, as 't were the first  
That quenched man's beauty-craving thirst.  
Yet day ne'er died, but its last hour  
Was soothed by like soft solar shower.  
It is a promise, daily given,  
To sickly, sorrowing Earth, by Heaven,  
That pure and beautiful as this  
Is yet to be her daily bliss.

ECHO FROM ITALY IN 1830.  

---

HARK ! — 'T is past. Whence came that shivering sound ?

'T was the blast of tyrants ; France is bound.

Still lower bend the knee,

To deeper slavery,

Woe-stricken Italy !

Ha ! — Again. A crash like deafening thunder !

'T is the chain of bondage rent asunder.

Exultant Italy,

With clanging symphony,

Sends back the maddening cry.

Hark ! — A shout of hosts comes o'er the sea !

'T is the rout of tyrants ; France is free.

The shout of victory,

Of joy and liberty,

Resounds through Italy.

## REUBEN JAMES.

---

ON the deck, blood-soiled,  
In a death-grip coiled,  
The captains lay ;  
Decatur up, — below, the Turk.  
Fierce round them play  
The Christian sword and Moslem dirk.  
Above the hero's head  
A scymitar keen flashes ;  
An instant more, he 's sped :  
Down the sharp weapon dashes.



To ward the blow,

To seize the foe,

Nor arm nor sword is there ; by stands  
But one poor tar, maimed in both hands.

Down sweeps the Turkish glave, —  
Decatur naught can save.

What cannot a brave heart ?

That tar, with a quick start,

Thrusts his young head between :

It takes the steel's deep seam.

'T was for a hero by a hero done :

Both must be great that deed so great be won.

Higher among heroic names

Stands thenceforth none than Reuben James.

## SCENE BEFORE TRIPOLI.

[This poem was suggested by one of the many fine passages in Cooper's Naval History of the United States.]

A ROSIER flood of golden light,  
 A livelier gush of melody,  
 Told of a new earth-sent delight  
 For Heaven's ceaseless jubilee.  
 Joys none of purer holier birth  
 Hath Heaven, than noble deeds on earth.  
 Swift now the fire-eyed host  
 Of warriors quit their post,  
 And gathering,  
 With flashing wing,  
 On the deep nether bound of their blest home,  
 Shone like a vast illuminated dome.

Like keenest lightning,  
The broad day brightening,  
Glittered that army radiant,  
With bounding gladness jubilant.  
A myriad throng there mustered,  
In song-wove circles clustered,  
Of every age and strand.

He who had sought  
The hero's death ;  
He who had wrought,  
With gushing breath,  
To build his fatherland ;  
He whose faint ear,  
On battle-fields lying,  
Freedom's glad cheer  
Had blest in his dying ;  
He whom the might  
Of duty had lifted,  
With front upright,  
By war to be rifted ;

The hearty ones, whose deaths have been  
The births of deathless thoughts 'mongst men.  
With jocund flight, they sped their way  
Towards Afric's northern shore, where lay,  
On the black level of a sunless sea,  
Columbia's fleet, afront of Tripoli.  
They gathered round one slender bark,  
They smiled upon her starry banner ;  
Her deadly cargo they did mark,  
And as the men who were to man her  
Each freely came with eager will,  
A joy-born wave of richer light  
Pulsed through the angelic host a thrill,  
That flushed them more unearthly bright.

Hushed is the fleet ; a fearful deed 's to do.  
All hearts are with that bark and her bold crew.  
A low " God bless you ! " — seizure of the hand, —  
A manly, tender look, — and the choice band

Have parted from their comrades. Fare ye well,  
Ye brave, with SOMERS, WADSWORTH, ISRAEL !  
Calmly and silent takes his station each :

Only who stay are moved. With warning speech,  
Decatur, who for self ne'er danger spied,  
Greets Somers ; and stout Preble's bosom sighed,  
As from his sight quick glided in the gloom  
The death-fraught vessel, onward to her doom.

Through the dark and solemn night,  
Forth she slid like voiceless sprite.

On her deck, so dread and cheerless,  
Thirteen hearts beat free and fearless.

Friends were behind them, foes before ;

Round and under,

War's black thunder

Slept till a spark should wake its roar.

But Heaven smiled in stars above ;

And deep within

Each heart's full rim

Glowed the strong fire of country's love.

Hushed deeper is the fleet. All eyes are one ;  
All fastened to the lone " Intrepid's " path.  
The wind is gauged, the time 't will take to run  
To the Turk's cruisers, where will burst her wrath.  
The bold bark's desperate goal she 'll quickly gain ;  
The scene fore-paints itself on the strung brain : —

See SOMERS stand,

With fire in hand ;

His comrades ready,

No nerve unsteady :

The match is lighted ;

The crew, unfrighted,

(Naught of earth could shake them,)

To the boats betake them, —

Harshly is rent this hopeful dream.

Forth from the Moslem fort a stream

Gushes of flame ; quick then the ear

Is filled, too, by the cannoneer.

Stream upon stream ; with each a mate

Of thunder on the air doth grate.

Is broke this hot suspense

By what o'erwhelmed the sense.

One flash, as though all light were spent !

One crash, as though a sphere were rent !

Trembled the wars-men to their keels ;

Glared the dark sea, as thing that feels.

By that appalling light, each saw

His neighbour's visage blanched with awe.

The air collapsed, as though a wrench

Were made Earth's very life to quench.

Silence and Night, as fraught with general death,

Rush back, while Turk and Christian hold their  
breath.

More slowly than when Ocean's homeward way

Is balked with calms, drag on the minutes now.

Keener than the fierce famished shark for prey,

Watches each silent ship from stern to prow.

Save when impetuous fancy cheats the hope  
With semblances of sound, nor eye nor ear  
Can seize on aught within their tensest scope.  
As hours wear sadly on, night grows more drear.

Close to the water's edge the seamen creep,  
Striving to catch the stroke of muffled oar.  
The hands that should have pulled them, on the deep,  
Where Courage keeps his state, will pull no more.

Gleams the high rocket ; booms the signal gun,  
Calling to SOMERS, WADSWORTH, ISRAEL.  
The heavenward gleam points to the path they 've  
gone ;  
The cannon's helpful roar, — it is their knell.

None came to say, how died th' heroic band ;  
And Death and Night the fearful secret kept.  
Shrieked mothers, sisters, wives, as from that strand  
Reached the dread tale, and a whole nation wept.



Gay as blossoms breeze-borne dancing,  
    Heavenward flew th' angelic host,  
Swift as sunbeams earthward glancing,  
    Back to their empyreal post.

E'er that glare the fleet that daunted  
    Quick was swallowed by the night,  
They their song of triumph chanted  
    Near th' eternal realms of light.

Linked in wreaths 'round heaven's portal,  
    With the lightsome grace of joy,  
Hung that shining host immortal,  
    Heirs of bliss without alloy.

Backward then their vision darting,  
    In the nether darkness met,  
Just from earth fresh upward starting,  
    What seemed stars in circle set.

Upward, upward, surely steering,  
Sparkling with perennial ray,  
Thirteen stars, all free careering  
Upward to the heavenly day.

Now they near the blissful portal,  
Brightening still as they advance ;  
Now the exultant host immortal  
Close them in with choral dance.

EPIGRAMS.



## EPIGRAMS.



### THE POETASTER.

WHAT is he like, a prosy versifier ?  
Like a clipt goose he is, immersed in mire.  
He could not fly, unclogged by any balk ;  
Behampered thus, he cannot even walk.

“GREAT STATESMEN.”

---

LIKE plummet in mid ocean sounding,  
Like him who crystals would be rounding,  
Are they who rule, and fashion laws, —  
Things that are chiefly made of flaws.  
And yet, men dub them great ; the while  
Angels or weep, or pitying smile.

But why, blind as they are, why rail about them ?  
The world 's so bad, it cannot do without them.

ISMS.  

---

SAY, thoughtless skeptics, ye who doubt  
The Devil's true existence,  
What are these *isms* all about, —  
What, but to God resistance ?  
God's will is, that we aye should live  
In union fraternal ;  
But these bring hate, and mankind rive  
With enmities infernal.  
From one vile common parent spring  
All *isms* with their schism ;  
Born he of Satan's venom'd sting, —  
The monster, EGOTISM.

THROUGH business' wastes and passion's fogs,  
Men run their petty round ;  
They make one think of little dogs,  
Their noses to the ground.

---

PHILOSOPHERS say, in their deep-pondered books,  
It were well if each man found his level.  
Sage sirs, this is not quite so good as it looks,  
For 't would send a whole host to the Devil.

---

RELIGION 's ever soiled and soiled  
And by man's foulness hurt ;  
The cleanest thing will be defiled  
By contact with the dirt.



No carpenter so quick with rule,  
    To measure height and length,  
As is a pert, self-ignorant fool,  
    To gauge a wise man's strength.



SONNETS.

...

1870

...

ON THE FIFTY-FIFTH SONNET OF  
SHAKSPEARE.

---

THE soul leaps up to hear this mighty sound  
Of Shakspeare triumphing. With glistening eye,  
Forward he sent his spirit, to espy  
Time's gratitude, and catch the far rebound  
Of fame from worlds unpeopled yet ; and, crowned  
With brightening light through all futurity,  
His image to behold up-reaching high,  
'Mongst the world's benefactors most renowned.

Like to the ecstasy, by man unnamed,  
The spheral music doth to Gods impart,  
Was the deep joy that thou hast here proclaimed  
Thy song's eternal echo gave thy heart.  
O, the world thanks thee that thou 'st let us see,  
Thou knew'st how great thou wast, how prized  
to be !

## TO THE STATUE OF EVE, BY POWERS.

---

Who that has had of beauteous womanhood  
Translucent visions, in his holiest dreams,  
Or when the abstracted, waking mind so teems  
With images of beauty, that 't will brood,  
In happiest silence, on the fertile mood  
So deeply, till each outward thing but seems  
Fantastic, while the flashing, inward gleams  
Compound a loveliness that would be wooed

As a reality, — were such to come  
Before thee, with a virgin joy, his soul,  
Like a new spirit in Elysium,  
Would gush with ecstasy, while from it roll  
All memories of dreams or inward sight,  
Paled by the fulgence of thy wondrous light.

FLORENCE, February 24th, 1842.



TO THE SAME.

---

THE Greeks — whose fresh imaginations blent  
 Spirit with form so richly in their youth  
 That Beauty wore the radiant crown of Truth,  
 And ever bodied forth some wise intent  
 Direct from Jove Minerva drew, and rent  
 His mighty brain, to give becoming birth  
 To Wisdom's Goddess, that her peerless worth  
 Might not be marred by dallying passion's vent.

Powers is a new Jove ; and on his brain  
What has begot this perfect woman (who  
Like Pallas shall breed thoughts of purest strain)  
Is the young life his giant country drew  
From heaven and her own soul, where no old art  
Nor chains the soaring mind, nor chills the heart.

FLORENCE, March 4th, 1842.

## TO THE LEGISLATURE OF MARYLAND,

## DISCUSSING THE RESUMPTION OF PAYMENT.

Look in the face of God, who looks at you ;  
And, like a cur before the lion's lair,  
You 'll quake to speechlessness, or you will swear,  
With soul-drawn valor, that you will be true.  
But set your thought on high, you 'll feel what 's due  
Unto yourselves and sons. But if you wear  
An earthward look, you 're lost ; and we must bear  
A load of shame not ages will subdue.

Freemen, it is the cause of liberty :  
The able debtor is the basest slave.  
O, ward us from a blighting infamy !  
If the State **WILLS**, she **CAN**. He is a knave,  
Who says she should not, whom we must despise,  
And scorn, and loathe : who says she cannot, lies.

BALTIMORE, January 31st, 1844.

FROM GOETHE.

Main body of faint text, likely a letter or document. The text is illegible due to low contrast.

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THE following translations are gleanings, and not selections, from Goethe's shorter poems. This golden field was harvested some years ago, by Mr. John S. Dwight, whose beautiful volume, "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller," is a model of what may be accomplished in poetical translation. But Goethe is so various, as well as so abundant, that he still leaves fruit for successive laborers.

In these few pages, the grace that ever attends his pen is perceptible even in the shortest pieces, and glimpses are had of the beauty and grandeur of his mind. But in them are chiefly exhibited the wit, the playfulness, and the practical wisdom of Goethe, presenting aspects of the genial, many-sided man, with which only such American and English readers are familiar as have access to him in German.

With the exception of one little piece, "The Hypochondriac," the translator has faithfully preserved the measures of the originals; a fidelity which is especially important in attempts to reproduce in another tongue the poetry of Goethe.

The first part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the State Department to the Secretary of the War Department, dated August 1, 1898. The letter discusses the proposed acquisition of the Philippines and the need for a military force to occupy the islands. It mentions the appointment of General Wesley Merritt as the military governor of the Philippines and the need for a large number of troops to be sent to the islands. The letter also discusses the need for a large number of troops to be sent to the islands.



## A CONFESSION.

---

WHAT is hard to conceal ? — Fire.  
By day, smoke shows it far and wide ;  
By night, its flame, the monster dire.  
Further, Love, too, is hard to hide.  
However closely it be hidden,  
Forth from the eyes it leaps unbidden.  
A Poem is yet harder still ;  
Put it 'neath a bushel no one will.

If that the poet has just done singing,  
His whole soul will be with it ringing.  
If neatly he has writ it down,  
He 'd have it liked by all the town.  
To each he reads it, loud and joyous ;  
Whether it please us or annoy us.

## SONGS.



## CHRISTEL.

DEJECTED oft I feel, and low,  
 With inward, heavy pain ;  
 If then I to my Christel go,  
 Then all is well again.  
 I see her here, I see her there,  
 And still I cannot tell  
 Wherefore, or how, or when, or where  
 She pleases me so well.

Those black and roguish eyes of hers,  
The eyebrows black above, —  
One look therein my blood it stirs,  
It lights my heart with love.  
Has any one a mouth so sweet ?  
Her cheek 's a rosy hill,  
So round it is, and, ah ! so meet ;  
No eye can look its fill.

And when I firm have clasped her waist  
In the airy German dance,  
Around we go in whirling haste, —  
I thrill as in a trance.  
And when she dizzy grows and warm,  
I cradle her as we flee,  
Upon my breast, within my arm, —  
A kingdom 't is to me.

\*

\*

## SWEETNESS OF SORROW.

---

DRY not up, dry not up,  
Tears of eternal love !  
Ah ! even to eyes that are but half dried,  
How desert, how dead, the world to them seems !  
Dry not up, dry not up,  
Tears of unfortunate love !

## WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

---

THOU who dost in heaven bide,  
Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
Him whom twofold woes betide  
With a twofold solace fillest,  
O, this tossing, let it cease !  
What means all this pain, unrest ?  
Soothing peace !  
Come, O, come into my breast !

A DEFIANCE.

---

O, WERE I but as fair  
 As the maidens are inland !  
 They wear smart yellow hats all,  
 With rosy-ruddy band.

Believing that one fair is,  
 Surely is received ;  
 In the town, ah ! he said so,  
 And there I believed.

Now in spring-time, ah me !  
All my joy, 'way it whirls ;  
The girls they so win him  
The brown country-girls.

And the waist and the skirt  
I 'll change at a bound ;  
The bodice is longer,  
The jacket is round.

I will wear a straw hat,  
And a spencer like snow,  
And reap with the others,  
Where clover-buds blow.

If he sees 'mongst the quire  
Something pretty and trim,  
The warm, roguish fellow,  
He beckons me in.



And I go all ashamed ;  
He knows me not apace,  
My cheek till he pinches,  
And sees then my face.

The town-maiden threats  
You girls an affray ;  
And charms that are double  
Will carry the day.

## HYMN OF THE ARCHANGELS.

FROM THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN, IN FAUST.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun in wonted guise is sounding  
 In brother-spheres the rival song,  
 And on his destined path is bounding  
 With thunder-movement bright along ;  
 His aspect angels vigor lendeth,  
 Though none his being fathom may ;  
 The works, whose might all thought transcendeth,  
 Are grand as on creation's day.

## GABRIEL.

And swift and swift the earth is streaming,  
With gorgeous change, so dark, so bright ;  
In hues of paradise now beaming,  
And now wrapt deep in gloom of night.  
The sea, 'gainst rushing rivers striving,  
On rocks upheaves its foam and wrath ;  
And rock and sea are onward driving  
Eternally in heaven's path.

## MICHAEL.

And storms in conflict wild are pouring  
From land to sea, from sea to land ;  
And form, while raging fierce and roaring,  
Of deepest action one close band.  
There lightning's vivid flash is glaring  
Before the coming thunder hoarse ;  
But these, O Lord ! thy orders bearing,  
Revere the universe's course.

## ALL THREE.

The aspect angels vigor lendeth,  
Though none thy being fathom may ;  
Thy works, whose might all thought transcendeth,  
Are grand as on creation's day.

PROVERBIAL.

---

FLEE to the furthest bound ; go where  
The smallest frontier cabin reaches ;  
What boots it thee ? thou findest there  
Tobacco still, and evil speeches.

---

BUT do what 's right in thy affairs,  
The rest 's done for thee unawares.

I EGOIST ! not so, I wist.  
Envy, he is the egoist.  
The many roads that I have gone,  
On envy's path has found me none.

---

MUCH already thou hast done,  
When habit of patience thou hast won.

---

NOTHING could make me deeper moan,  
Than being in Paradise alone.

LET me do, it is my hest,  
Aye some end pursuing :  
The rich heart, it cannot rest ;  
Always 't will be doing.

---

How pat would all things be, and nice,  
If we could only do them twice.

---

A THOUSAND flies at night I slay ;  
Yet wakes me one at earliest day.

THE tender poem, like the rainbow's arc,  
Can only bloom on a ground that 's dark.  
Thence poets love, though not sad wholly,  
The element of melancholy.

---

THE chestnuts, if too long they burn,  
All into coals are sure to turn.

---

To sweetly remember, and finely to think,  
Is tasting of life at its deep, inmost brink.



Who, then, is the sovereign Man ?

That is quickly said :

He whom no one hinder can,

Be his aim or good or bad.

---

Who right will do alway and with zest,

Let him harbour true love in thought and breast.

---

At first hand,

Understand

What 't is the world takes ill of thee :

It asks not soul, it asks civility.

Who quick resolves doth make,  
He 's brave and bold, I cry.  
He jumps into the lake,  
Out of the rain to fly.

---

DOUBLY gives who quick gives ;  
Hundredfold who quick gives  
What one wants and loves.\*

---

\* I subjoin the original as a curious exemplification of the family likeness between the German and English languages :—

Doppelt giebt wer gleich giebt ;  
Hundertfach der gleich giebt  
Was man wünscht und liebt.

KNOW thou thyself. For that what were my pay ?  
Know I myself, quick must I run away.  
'T were just as if, at a masquerade ball,  
I from my face should my mask let fall.

---

WHEN likest thou best to stoop ?  
A spring-flower for thy love to pluck.

---

WHO 's he who Fortune's highest palm has won ?  
Who joyful does, and joys in what he 's done.

DIVIDE and rule, — strong words indeed.

But better still, — unite and lead.

---

No greater merit do I know,

Than to allow that of the foe.

EPIGRAMMATIC.

---

TOTALITY.

A GENTLEMAN of head and heart

Is welcome everywhere ;

With subtile wit and jestings smart,

He captivates the fair.

But if he wants both strength and fist,

Who shields his seat of wit ?

And if his hinder parts are missed,

How can the good man sit ?

## ORIGINALITY.

ONE says, — “ I ’m not of any school ;  
No living master gives me rule :  
Nor do I in the old tracks tread ;  
I scorn to learn aught from the dead.”  
Which means, if I have not mistook,  
“ I am an ass on my own hook.”

---

## ADVICE.

AND so you ’ll no denial take :  
Advice you ask ; that I can give :  
But, only for my quiet’s sake,  
Promise that you wont by it live.

## HUMILITY.

WHEN I the masters' works look on,  
I see then that which they have done :  
When I behold my motley crew,  
I see what 't was I had to do.

---

## OLD AGE.

AGE is polite ; with time's sure lapse,  
Often and oft he gently taps ;  
To say, "Come in," can no one bide.  
Now he 's not one to stay outside ;  
He lifts the latch, and quick the door  
Is past: all cry, — An ill-bred boor !

## TO BE GOOD, AN EGG MUST BE FRESH.

ENTHUSIASM, the which blood stirs,  
Is like the oyster, my good sirs.  
Only when fresh is 't good to eat,  
For else, 't is but indifferent meat.  
Enthusiasm is n't herring-wares,  
That 's salted up for after years.

---

## MY CHOICE.

I LIKE the best the kindly man,  
'Mongst all the guests that I could name,  
Who make game of himself, too, can ;  
Who cannot, is himself not game.



## EXAMPLE.

WHENEVER I impatient grow,  
Earth's patience to my mind I show,  
Which, as we 're told, turns daily round,  
And travels yearly the same ground.  
For what else, then, am I placed here ?  
I follow my good mother dear.

---

## EQUALITY.

FOR what is greatest no one strives,  
But each one envies others' lives :  
The worst of enviers is the elf  
Who thinks that all are like himself.

## PANACEA.

“ SAY, how dost thou ever and ever thyself re-  
new ? ”

The same canst thou, if to the great thou 'lt ever  
be true.

The great remains fresh, warming, and lifts up the  
will ;

Whilst in the little shakes the little with a chill.

---

THE BEST.

WHEN in thy head and heart it stirs,  
How bettered could thy doom be ?  
Who no more loves and no more errs  
Had better in his tomb be.

## COMPANY.

FROM a large company, where he had spent  
An evening, home a quiet *savant* went.  
His friends asked how he liked it; he decreed them  
This answer, — “ Were they books, I would not  
read them.”

## MISCELLANEOUS.

---

A SPOT was seeking Love's keen smart,  
A dreary and a lonely space ;  
It came across my desert heart  
And nestled in the empty place.

---

As guides by land and sea,  
God set the stars on high ;  
That they our joy may be,  
Aye looking to the sky.

WHEN all hope and help desert you,  
And you wail, depressed, heart-broken,  
There is still a healing virtue  
In a word that 's kindly spoken.

---

Do thou good for the love of good :  
Deliver this unto thy blood.  
If naught stays with thy children of it,  
Thy children's children yet 't will profit.

---

BE never thou, whatever haps,  
Seduced to contradict ;  
The wisest into ignorance lapse,  
Who with the unwise conflict.

ENWERI says 't, — one of God's noblest creatures,  
Who knows of heart and head the deep'st, best  
features, —

In all times, places, your account you 'll find  
In tolerance, judgment, and an upright mind.

---

Who would not be at the mercy of a thief  
Conceals his gold, his goings, and belief.

---

## A PARABLE.

---

WHEN I to the market hie  
Through the throng,  
And the pretty maiden spy  
The crowd among ;  
Go I here, she comes to me,  
But above ;  
No one can about us see  
How we love.

“ Old man, wilt thou ne'er be quiet !

Ever maiden !

In the time of youthful riot,

'T was a Katechen.

Who is 't now makes thy days sweet ?

Say, old youth.”

Look there how she me doth greet, —

It is TRUTH.



THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.  

---

THE Devil take all human kind !

They are enough to craze one !

Then stoutly I make up my mind,

No creature e'er I 'll gaze on.

I 'll let the world go its own pace,

And to the Devil leave it.

Scarce do I see a human face,

I love it, would relieve it.

FIVE THINGS.

---

FRIENDSHIP wont grow within the breast of pride ;  
 Ill-bred are they who aye with lowness bide ;  
 Unto no greatness can attain a knave ;  
 Envy to weakness never pity gave ;  
 In vain for truth and faith the liar looks ;  
 These let thy mind hold fast with its best hooks.

### FIVE OTHER THINGS.

---

WHAT makes the time pass quickly ?

Activity.

What long and heavy both ?

What else but sloth.

What doth debts create ?

To bear and wait.

What brings rich gains along ?

Not to think long.

What doth honors collect ?

Self-respect.

## A REVIEWER.

---

To dinner once I had a lout ;  
It happened not to put me out,  
I gave him just my common dinner ;  
He ate like any hungry sinner.  
Of what I gave him with good-will,  
Scarce had the fellow got his fill,

The Devil led him to a neighbour,  
To talk there 'bout my dinner's savour.  
“ Soup might have been more spiced,” he told,  
“ Browner the roast, the wine more old.”  
*Pots tausend*, pin him with a skewer,  
Strike the dog dead, — 't is a Reviewer.

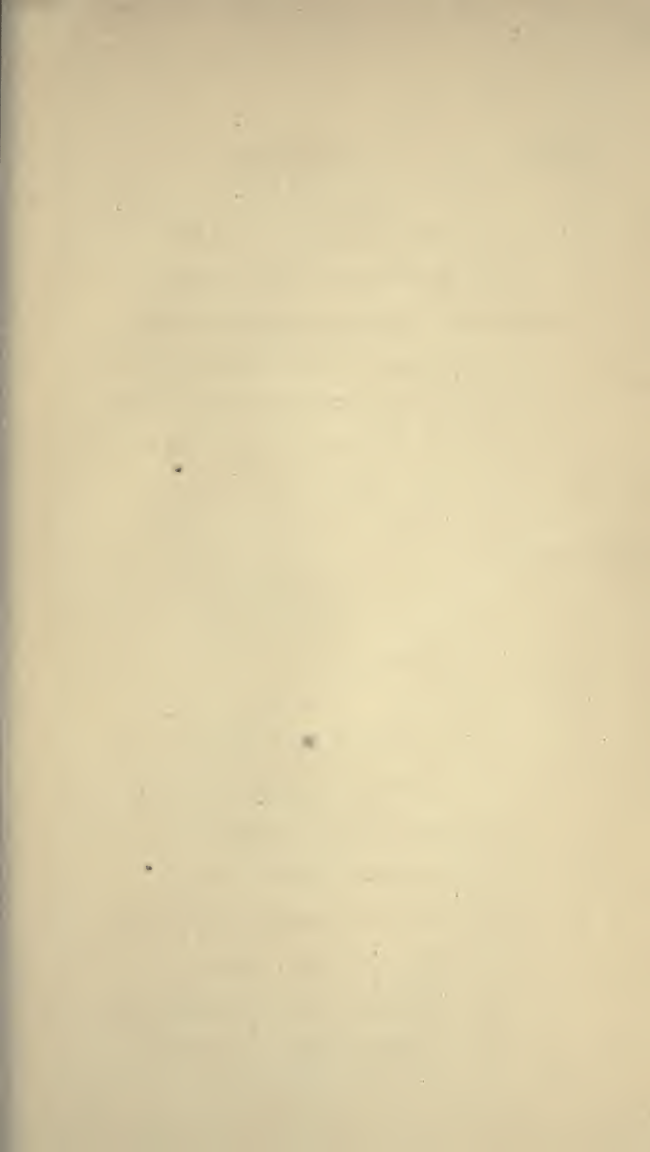
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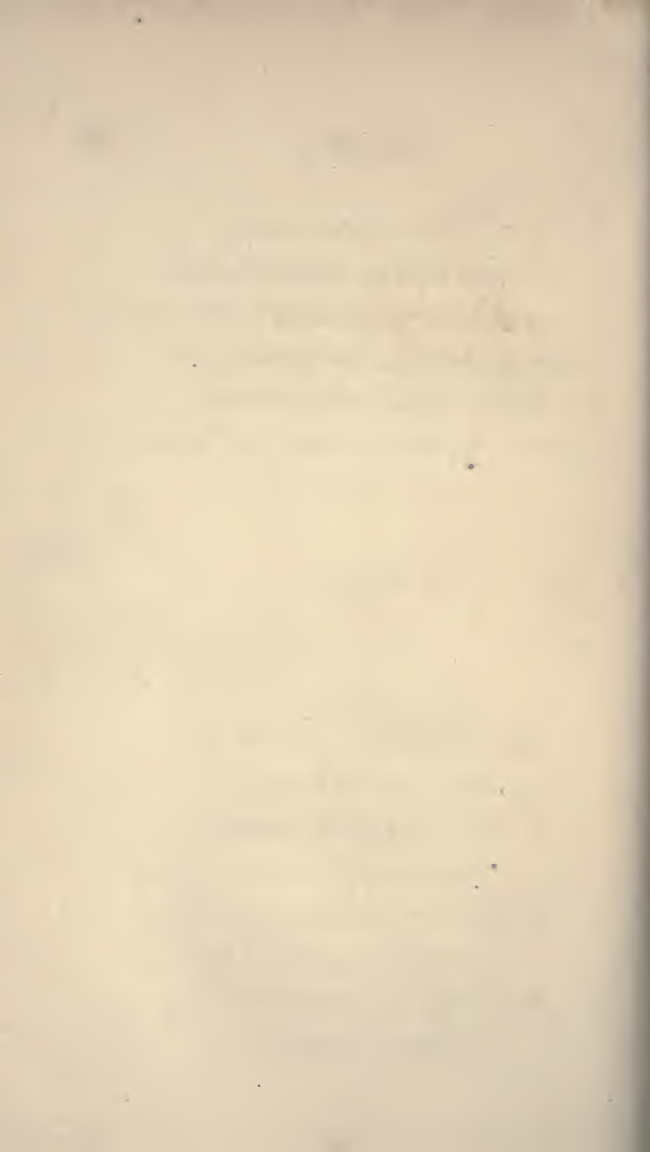
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### REFERENCES

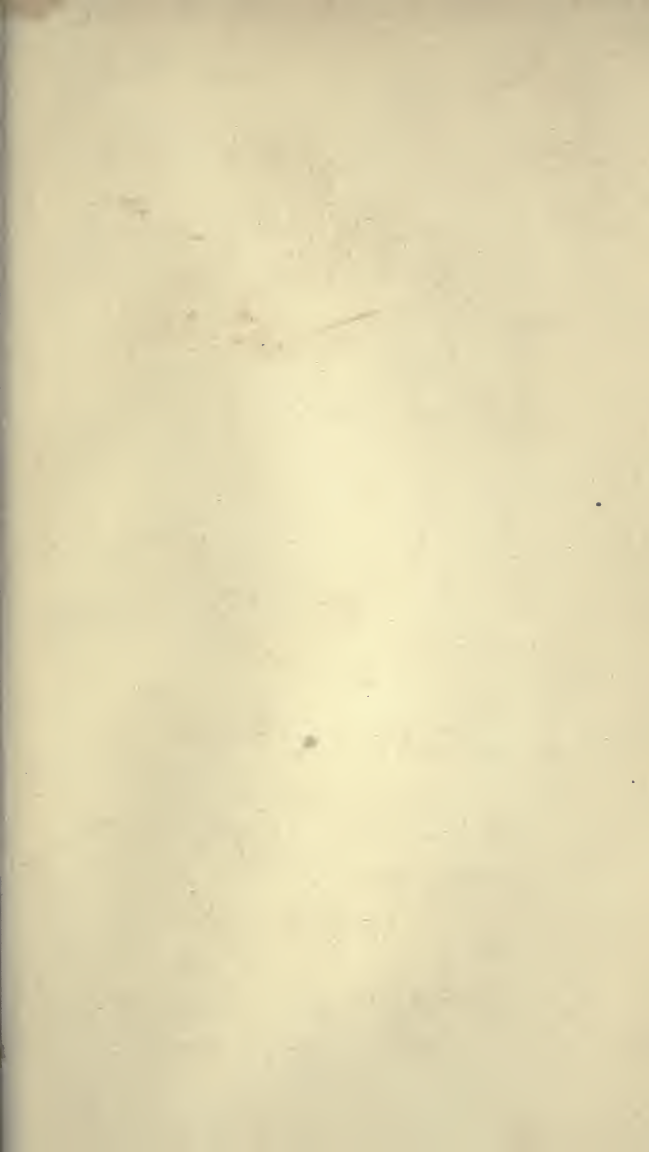
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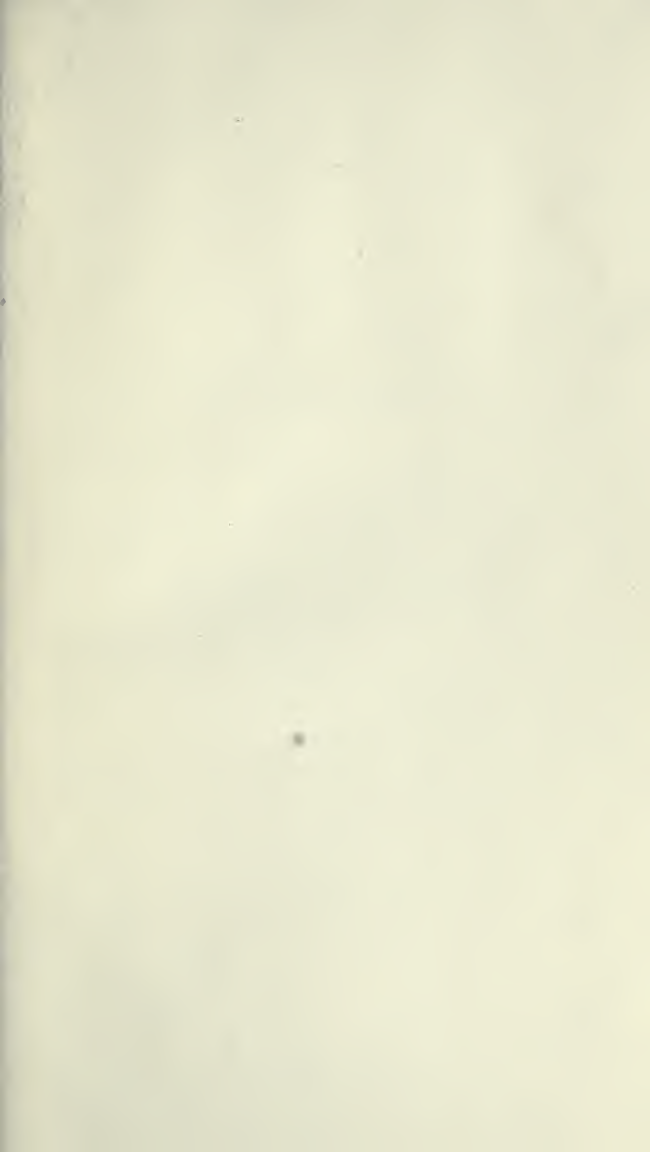












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